

# Memorial Hall Library's 8<sup>th</sup> Annual Teen Poetry Contest

May 2, 2012

High school and middle school students from Andover, MA, submitted approximately 485 original poems to the *Memorial Hall Library's 8<sup>th</sup> Annual Teen Poetry Contest* this spring to Teen Librarians Kim Lynn and Clare Curran-Ball. Poet Laureate of North Andover, Gayle C. Heney, was the final judge of the submissions. Submissions had no identifying authors' marks; submissions were judged blind. Winning poems appeared in *Memorial Hall Library's 8<sup>th</sup> Annual Teen Poetry Contest Award Winning Poems* thanks to the generous support of the Friends of Memorial Hall Library. All were invited to read their poems on May 2, 2012 at the Memorial Hall Library where Ms. Heney was the invited speaker.

**Poems Ms. Heney selected in the middle school category for top honors** were:

*I am my Mother's Daughter* (tribute to Dylan Thomas) by Rachel McIntosh

*Mad* by Hannah Muhlfelder

*My First Arrow* by Sophie Uluatam

**Poems Ms. Heney selected for high school top honors:**

*Reminiscence* by Lauren Nastari

*green minivan, green children* by Rachel Aldrich

*Silence* by Connie Cung

There were 32 middle school and 2 high school **honorable mention awards**.

The following poems demonstrate the insight, candor and talent of the poets represented in *Memorial Hall Library's 8<sup>th</sup> Annual Teen Poetry Contest Award Winning Poems*.

## **Reminiscence** (1<sup>st</sup> Place in High School Category)

by Lauren Nastari

She presses her sweaty palm against the sharp glass  
as if rubbing it against the shards would fix it,  
back and forth, back and forth  
like the hands of a clock,  
slowly forgetting the time.

Remember when?

The little finger-tips  
would shakily clutch the green crayon  
and the wax would melt off the paper  
crying tears of shiny scribbles  
but no one knew that the maze of lines  
made up a picture.

Just like no one knew  
that the sounds of the howls  
disturbing the night,  
were not animals at all.  
And crayons weren't the only thing  
she broke in half  
when the drawings appeared too childish.

Questions are like little pieces,  
bits sliced up to create easy-to-swallow foods  
although no one was there to do that  
or to tear the green crayon from her red little hand  
before it ripped across the paper  
and drew another picture

## **Bright Bunch of Flowers**

by Jonathan Monderer

A bunch of dancing sunflowers,  
Green stems poking out of the sky blue and yellow polka dotted vase  
The sunflowers colored like golden coins, the dark black dots in the centers  
Of them jump off the still life photo  
Various hues of green, blue and yellow mixed perfectly by the artist

A lonely pear lies to the left of the vase  
Begging to be eaten by a special someone  
One the opposite side is a pair of lemons,  
Which stick out on the aqua blue background

A picture full o life and happiness

(This winning poem is an ekphrastic poem; it was inspired by artwork.  
The poem was submitted superimposed on a photograph of the artwork  
which inspired it. The artist was Nancy Miller and is aptly described by the  
poem's author.)

## **Grandpa**

by Nicole Poirier

He sits there  
In his worn recliner  
Reading the sports section in the Boston Globe newspaper  
Eyes glued  
Glasses perched  
Glasses perched on nose  
Then looking out  
Onto his world with a lake to fish on  
The sun shining to wake him up  
To begin another morning  
One after another  
Days go by  
Still watching  
His beloved lake  
Like a time machine  
Bringing him back to his childhood  
Fishing with his father  
On an old, color washed boat  
With worn, beat-up paddles

That still took him  
On the shimmering lake  
In Canada  
Waiting patiently and quietly  
For the fish to be caught